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"THE SORCERER!"

AN ENTIRELY

ORIGINAL MODERN COMIC OPERA

IN TWO ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

W. S. GILBERT.

COMPOSED BY

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

STRATFORD, ONT.:
PRINTED AT THE ADVERTISER OFFICE, MARKET STREET.

1884.

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MUSIC! MUSIC!

MR. JOHNSON MORRISS,

(Musical Instructor to the Stratford High School and late pupil of Signor Vincent Restivo, Royal Acadamy of Music, Palermo and Italian Opera,)

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"THE SORCERER."

ACT I.

CHORUS.

Ring forth, ye bells, with clarion sound,
Forget your knells, for joys abound,
Forget your notes of mournful lay,
And from your throats pour joy to-day.

For to-day young Alexis, young Alexis Pointdextre
Is betrothed to Aline, to Aline Sangazure,
And that pride of his sex is, of his sex is to be next her,
At the feast on the green, on the green to be sure!
Ring forth, &c.

RECITATIVE.

MRS. PARTLET.—Constance, my daughter, why this sad depression?
The village rings with seasonable joy,
Because the young and amiable Alexis,
Heir to the great Sir Marmaduke Pointdextre,
Is plighted to Aline,
The only daughter of Annabella, Lady Sangazure.
You, you alone, are sad and out of spirits;
What is the reason? Speak, my daughter, speak.

RECITATIVE.

CONSTANCE.—Oh, mother, do not ask if my complexion
From red to white should change in quick succession,
And then from white to red, oh, take no notice!

Ladies' Satchels at J. H. Dufton's.

If my poor limbs should tremble with emotion,
Pay no attention, mother, it is nothing!
If long and deep-drawn sighs I chance to utter,
Oh, heed them not, their cause must ne'er be known!

MRS. PARTLET.—My child, be candid—think not to deceive
The eagle-eyed pew-opener—you love!

CONSTANCE.—How guessed she that, my heart's most cherished secret?
I do love—fondly—madly—hopelessly!

ARIA.

CONSTANCE.—When he is here I sigh with pleasure,
When he is gone I sigh with grief.
My hopeless fear no soul can measure,
His love alone can give my aching heart relief!
When he is cold, I weep for sorrow,
When he is kind, I weep for joy.
My grief untold knows no to-morrow,—
My woe can find no hope, no solace, no alloy!

When I rejoice, he shows no pleasure,
When I am sad, it grieves him not.
His solemn voice has tones I treasure—
My heart they glad, they solace my unhappy lot!
When I despond, my woe they chasten,
When I take heart, my hope they cheer;
With folly fond to him I hasten—
From him apart, my life is very sad and drear!

MRS. PARTLET.—Come, tell me all about it! do not fear—
I, too, have loved; but that was long ago!
Who is the object of your young affections?

CONSTANCE.—Hush, mother! He is here!

MRS. PARTLET.—Our reverend vicar.

CONSTANCE.—Oh pity me, my heart is almost broken.

MRS. PARTLET.—My child, be comforted.—To such an union
I shall not offer any opposition.
Take him—he's yours! May you and he be happy!

CONSTANCE.—But, mother, dear, he is not yours to give.

MRS. PARTLET.—That's true, indeed.

CONSTANCE.—He might object.

MRS. PARTLET.—He might.
But come—take heart—I'll probe him on the subject.
Be comforted, leave this affair to me.

RECITATIVE.

REV. DR. DALY.—The air is charged with amatory numbers—
Soft madrigals and dreamy lovers' lays.
Peace! Peace! Old heart!
Why waken from its slumbers,
The aching mem'ry of the old, old days?

BALLAD.

REV. DR. DALY.—Time was, when Love and I were well acquainted,
Time was, when we walked ever hand in hand,
A saintly youth, with worldly thought untainted—
None better lov'd than I in all the land!
Time was, when maidens of the noblest station,
Forsaking even military men,
Would gaze upon me, rapt in adoration—
Ah me, I was a fair young curate then!

Had I a headache, sighed the maids assembled;
Had I a cold? well'd forth the silent tear;
Did I look pale? then half the parish trembled;
And when I coughed all thought the end was near!
I had no care—no jealous doubts hung o'er me,
For I was loved beyond all other men.
Fled gilded dukes and belted earls before me,
Ah me, I was a pale young curate then!

Gents' Shoulder Braces at Nasmyth's.

MRS. PARTLET.—Good day, reverend sir.

MR. DALY.—Ah, good Mrs. Partlet, I am glad to see you. And your little daughter, Constance! Why she is quite a little woman, I declare.

CONSTANCE.—Oh, mother, I cannot speak to him.

MRS. PARTLET.—Yes, reverend sir, she is nearly eighteen and as good a girl as ever stepped. Ah sir, I'm afraid I shall soon lose her.

DR. DALY.—Dear me, you pain me very much. Is she delicate?

MRS. PARTLET.—Oh no, sir, I don't mean that—but young girls look to get married.

DR. DALY.—Oh, I take you. To be sure. But there's plenty of time for that. Four or five years hence, Mrs. P., four or five years hence. But when the time does come, I shall have much pleasure in marrying her myself—

CONSTANCE.—Oh mother.

DR. DALY.—To some strapping young fellow in her own rank of life.

CONSTANCE.—He does not love me.

MRS. PARTLET.—I have often wondered, reverend sir, (if you'll excuse the liberty,) that you have never married.

DR. DALY.—Be still, my fluttering heart.

MRS. PARTLET.—A clergyman's wife does so much good in a village. Besides that, you are not so young as you were, and before very long you will want somebody to nurse you, and look after your little comforts.

DR. DALY.—Mrs. Partlet, there is much truth in what you say. I am indeed getting on in years, and a help-mate would cheer my declining days. Time was when it might have been; but I have left it too long—I am an old fogy now, am I not, my dear?—a very old fogy indeed. Ha, ha! No, Mrs. Partlet, my mind is quite made up. I shall live and die a solitary old bachelor.

CONSTANCE.—Oh mother, mother.

Wire Easels at J. H. Dufton's.

MRS. PARTLET.—Come, come, dear one, don't fret. At a more fitting time we will try again—we will try again.

DR. DALY.—Poor little girl. I'm afraid she has something on her mind. She is rather comely. Time was when this old heart would have throbbed in double-time at the sight of such a fairy form. But tush, I am puling. Here comes the young Alexis with his proud and happy father. Let me dry this tell-tale tear.

RECITATIVE AND MINUET.

DR. DALY.—Sir Marmaduke—my dear young friend Alexis
On this most happy—most auspicious plighting—
Permit me, as a true old friend,—
To tender my best, my very best congratulations!

SIR MARMADUKE.—Sir, you are most obleeging.

ALEXIS.—Doctor Daly, my dear old tutor and my valued pastor,
I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

DR. D.—May fortune bless you! may the middle distance
Of your young life be pleasant as the foreground—
The joyous foreground! and, when you have reached it
May that which now is the far-off horizon,
But which will then become the middle distance,
In fruitful promise be exceeded only
By that which will have opened in the meantime,
Into a new and glorious horizon!

SIR M.—Dear sir, that is an excellent example
Of an old school of stately compliment
To which I have, through life, been much addicted.
Will you obleege me with a copy of it,
In clerkly manuscript, that I myself
May use it on appropriate occasions?

DR. D.—Sir, you shall have a fairly-written copy
Ere Sol has sunk into his western slumbers!

Sir M.—Come, come, my son, your *fiancee* will be here in five minutes. Rouse yourself to receive her.

ALEXIS.—Oh rapture!

SIR M.—Yes, you are a fortunate young fellow, and I will not disguise from you that this union with the House of Sangazure realizes my fondest wishes. Aline is rich, and she comes of a sufficiently old family, for she is the seven thousand and thirty-seventh in direct descent from Helen of Troy. True, there was a blot on the escutcheon of that lady—that affair with Paris—but where is the family other than my own, in which there is no flaw? You are a lucky fellow, sir, a very lucky fellow!

ALEXIS.—Father, I am welling over with limpid joy! No sicklying taint of sorrow overlies the lucid lake of liquid love, upon which, hand-in-hand, Aline and I are to float into eternity!

SIR M.—Alexis, I desire that of your love for this young lady you do not speak so openly. You are always singing ballads in praise of her beauty, and you expect the very menials who wait behind your chair, to chorus your ecstacies. It is not delicate.

ALEXIS.—Father, a man who loves as I love—

SIR M.—Pooh, pooh, sir! fifty years ago I madly loved your future mother-in-law, the lady Sangazure, and I have reason to believe that she returned my love. But we were not guilty of the indelicacy of rushing into each other's arms, exclaiming—

RECITATIVE.

"Oh, my adored one!" "Beloved boy!"
"Ecstatic rapture!" "Unmingled joy!"

Which seems to be the modern fashion of love-making? No! it was "Madam, I trust you are in the enjoyment of good health"—"Sir, you are vastly polite, I protest I am mighty well"—and so forth. Much more delicate—much more respectful. But see—Aline approaches—let us retire, that she may compose herself for the interesting ceremony in which she is to play so important a part.

CHORUS OF WOMEN.

With heart and with voice,
Let us welcome this mating
To the youth of her choice;
With a heart palpitating,
Comes the lovely Aline
May their love never cloy!

Crocodile Note Paper and Envelopes at Dufton's.

May their bliss be unbounded!
With a halo of joy
May their lives be surrounded!
Heaven bless our Aline!

RECITATIVE AND ARIA.

ALINE.—My kindly friends I thank you for this greeting,
And as you wish me every earthly joy,
I trust your wishes will have quick fulfilment!

Oh happy young heart!
Comes thy young lord a-wooing
With joy in his eyes
And pride in his breast—
Make much of thy prize,
For he is the best that ever came a-suing
Yet we must part, young heart!
Yet we must part.
Oh, merry young heart,
Bright are the days of wooing!
But happier far
The days untried—
No sorrow can mar,
When love has tied
The knot there's no undoing.
Then never to part, young heart!
Never to part.

RECITATIVE.

LADY SANGAZURE. My child I join these kind congratulations;
Heed not the tear that dims this aged eye!
Old mem'ries crowd around me;
Tho' I sorrow, 'tis for myself, Aline, and not for thee!

CHORUS OF MEN.

With heart and with voice
Let us welcome this mating;
To the maid of his choice,
With a heart palpitating,
Comes Alexis the brave!

RECITATIVE.

ALEXIS.—Oh, my adored one!
ALINE.—Beloved boy!
ALEXIS.—Estatic rapture!
ALINE.—Unmingled joy!

Try our own Baking Powder, C. E. Nasmyth & Co.

DUET.

SIR MARMADUKE.

Welcome joy! adieu to sadness!
As Aurora gilds the day;
So those eyes, twin orbs of gladness,
Chase the clouds of care away.

Irresistible incentive
Bids me humbly kiss your hand;
I'm your servant most attentive,
Most attentive to command.

Wild with adoration!
Mad with fascination!
To indulge my lamentation
No occasion do I miss!
Goaded to distraction
By maddening inaction,
I find some satisfaction
In apostrophe like this:
Sangazure immortal,
Sangazure divine!
Welcome to my portal,
Angel, oh be mine!

LADY SANGAZURE.

Sir, I thank you most politely
For your graceful courtesee;
Compliment more truly knightly,
Never yet was paid to me!
Chivalry is an ingredient
Sadly lacking in our land—
Sir, I am your most obenient,
Most obedient to command

Wild with adoration!
Mad with fascination!
To indulge my lamentation
No occasion do I miss!
Goaded to distraction
By maddening inaction,
I find some satisfaction
In apostrophe like this:
Marmaduke immortal,
Marmaduke divine,
Take me to thy portal,
Loved one, oh be mine.

Superb Songs. 100 pieces Vocal Music for 75cts., at Dufton's.

ENSEMBLE.

LAWYER AND CHORUS. All is prepar'd for sealing and for signing,
The contract has been drafted as agreed.
Approach the table, oh ye lovers pining!
With hand and seal now execute the deed.

ALEXIS AND ALINE. I deliver it, I deliver it,
As my act and deed.

CHORUS.—See they sign without a quiver!
It then to seal proceed!
They deliver it, they deliver it
As their act and deed
With heart and with voice,
Let us welcome this mating;
Leave them here to rejoice,
With true love palpitating
Alexis the brave,
And the lovely Aline!

ALEXIS.—At last we are alone! My darling, you are now irrevocably betrothed to me. Are you not very, very happy?

ALINE.—Oh Alexis, can you doubt it? Do I not love you beyond all on earth, and am I not beloved in return? Is not true love faithfully given and faithfully returned, the source of every earthly joy?

ALEXIS.—Of that there can be no doubt. Oh, that the world could be persuaded of the truth of that maxim! Oh, that the world would break down the artificial barriers of rank, wealth, education, age, beauty, habits, taste, and temper; and recognize the glorious principle, that in marriage alone is to be found the panacea for every ill.

ALINE.—Continue to preach that sweet doctrine, and you will succeed, oh, evangel of true happiness!

ALEXIS.—I hope so, but as yet the cause progresses but slowly, Still I have made some converts to the principle, that men and women should be coupled in matrimony without distinction of rank. I have lectured on the subject at Mechanics' Institutes, and the Mechanics were unanimous in favor of my views. I have preached in workhouses, beershops, and Lunatic Asylums, and I have been received with enthusiasm. I have addressed navvies on the advantages that would accrue to them if they married ladies of rank, and not a navvy dissented!

A fine line of Bath Sponges at C. E. Nasmyth & Co's.

ALINE.—Noble fellows! And yet there are those who hold that the uneducated classes are not open to argument! And what do the countesses say?

ALEXIS.—Why, at present it can't be denied, the aristocracy hold aloof.

ALINE.—The working man is the true intelligence after all!

ALEXIS.—He is a noble creature when he is quite sober. Yes, Aline, true happiness comes of true love, and true love should be independent of external influences. It should live upon itself and by itself—in itself love should live for love alone!

BALLAD.

ALEXIS.—Love feeds on many kinds of food, I know
Some love for rank and some for duty;
Some give their hearts for empty show,
And others love for youth and beauty.
To love for money all the world is prone;
Some love themselves and live all lonely;
Give me the love that loves for love alone—
I love that love, I love it only.

What man for any other joy can thirst,
Whose loving wife adores him duly?
Want, misery, and care may do their worst,
If loving woman loves you truly,
A lover's thoughts are ever with his own—
None truly loved is ever lonely:
Give me that love that loves for love alone—
I love that love, I love it only.

ALINE.—Oh, Alexis, those are noble principles!

ALEXIS.—Yes, Aline, and I am going to take a desperate step in support of them. Have you ever heard of the firm of J. W. Wells & Co., the old established Family Sorcerers, in St. Mary Axe?

ALINE.—I have seen their advertisement.

ALEXIS.—They have invented a philtre, which, if report may believed, is simply infallible. I intend to distribute it through the village, and within half-an-hour of my doing so, there will not be an adult in the place who will not have learnt the secret of pure and lasting happiness. What do you say to that?

ALINE.—Well, dear, of course a filter is a very useful thing in a house; quite indispensible in the present state of

Fancy Baskets at J. H. Dufton's.

the Thames water; but still I don't quite see that it is the sort of thing that places its possessor on the very pinnacle of earthly joy.

ALEXIS.—Aline, you misunderstand me. I didn't say a filter—I said a philtre.

ALINE—So did I, dear. *I* said a filter.

ALEXIS.—No, dear, you said a filter. I don't mean a filter—I mean a philter—ph, you know.

ALINE.—You don't mean a love potion?

ALEXIS.—On the contrary—I *do* mean a love-potion.

ALINE.—Oh, Alexis, I don't think it would be right. I don't indeed. And then—a real magician! Oh it would be downright wicked.

ALEXIS.—Aline, is it, or is it not, a laudable object to steep the whole village up to its lips in love, and to couple them in matrimony without distinction of age, rank or fortune?

ALINE —Unquestionably, but---

ALEXIS.—Then, unpleasant as it must be to have recourse to supernatural aid, I must, nevertheless, pocket my aversion, in deference to the great and good end I have in view. Hercules!

PAGE.—Yes, sir.

ALEXIS.—Is Mr. Wells there?

PAGE.—He is in the tent, sir—refreshing.

ALEXIS —Ask him to be so good as to step this way.

PAGE.—Yes, sir.

ALINE.—Oh, but Alexis! A real sorcerer! Oh I shall be frightened to death!

ALEXIS.—I trust my Aline will not yield to fear while the strong right arm of her Alexis is here to protect her.

ALINE.—It's nonsense, dear, to talk of you protecting me with your strong right arm, in face of the fact that this Family Sorcerer could change me into a guinea-pig before you could turn round.

ALEXIS.—He *could* change you into a guinea-pig no doubt, but it is most unlikely that he would take such a liberty. It's a most respectable firm, and I am sure he would never be guilty of so untradesmanlike an act.

MR. WELLS.—Good day, sir.

ALEXIS.—Good day—I believe you are a Sorcerer.

Toilet Articles, all kinds, at Nasmyth's.

MR. WELLS.—Yes sir, we practice Necromancy in all its branches. We've a choice assortment of wishing-caps, divining-rods, amulets, charms, and counter-charms. We can cast you a nativity at a low figure, and we have a horoscope at three-and-six that we can guarantee. Our Abudah chests, each containing a patent Hag who comes out and prophecies disasters, with spring complete, are strongly recommended. Our Aladdin lamps are very chaste, and our Prophetic Tablets, foretelling everything—from a change of Ministry down to a rise in Turkish Stock—are much enquired for. Our Penny Curses—one of the cheapest things in the trade—is considered infallible. We have some very Superior Blessings, too, but they are very little asked for. We've only sold one since Christmas—to a gentleman who bought it to send to his mother-in-law—but it turned out that he was afflicted in the head, and it's been returned on our hands. But our sale of penny Curses, especially on Saturday nights, is tremenduous. We can't turn 'em out fast enough.

SONG.

MR. WELLS.—My name is John Wellington Wells,
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,
In blessings and curses, and ever fill'd purses,
In prophecies, witches and knells.
If you want a proud foe to "make tracks"—
If you'd melt a rich uncle in wax—
You've but to look in on the resident Djinn,
Number seventy, Simmery Axe.

We've a first-rate assortment of magic;
And for raising a posthumous shade,
With effects that are comic or tragic,
There's no cheaper house in the trade.
Love-philtre, we've quantities of it!
And for knowledge if any one burns,
We're keeping a very small prophet,
A prophet who brings us unbounded returns.

For he can prophesy
With a wink of his eye,
Peep with security
Into futurity,
Sum up your history,

Envelopes, 5c. per package, at Dufton's.

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Clear up a mystery,
Humor proclivity,
For a nativity;
He has answers oracular,
Bogies spectacular,
Tetrapods tragical,
Mirrors so magical,
Facts astronomical,
Solemn or comical,
And, if you want it, he
Makes a reduction on taking a quantity!
Oh! if anyone anything lacks,
He'll find it all ready in stacks,
If he'll only look in on the resident Djinn,
Number seventy, Simmery Axe!

He can raise you hosts of ghosts,
And that without reflectors;
And creepy things with wings,
And gaunt and grisly spectres;
He can fill you crowds of shrouds,
And horrify you vastly;
He can rack your brains with chains,
And gibberings grim and ghastly.
Then, if you plan it, he
Changes organity,
With an urbanity,
Full of Satanity,
Vexes humanity
With an inanity
Fatal to vanity,
Driving your foes to the verge of insanity.
Barring tautology,
In demonology,
Lectro biology,
Mystic nosology,
Spirit philology,
High class astrology,
Such is his knowledge, he
Isn't the man to require an apology.

Oh! my name is John Wellington Wells,
I'm a dealer in magic and spells,
In blessings and curses,
And ever filled purses,
In prophesies, witches and knells,
And if anyone anything lacks,

Patent medicines, all kinds, C. Nasmyth.

He'll find it all ready in stacks,
If he'll only look in on the resident Djinn,
Number seventy, Simmery Axe.

ALEXIS.—I have sent for you to consult you on a very important matter. I believe you advertise a Patent Oxy-Hydrogen Love-at-first-sight Philtre?

MR. WELLS.—Sir it is our leading article.

ALEXIS.—Now, I want to know if you can confidently guarantee it as possessing all the qualities you claim for it in your advertisement?

MR. WELLS.—Sir, we are not in the habit of puffing our goods. Ours is an old established house with a large family connection, and every assurance held out in the advertisement is fully realized.

ALINE.—Oh, Alexis, don't offend him! He'll change us into something dreadful—I know he will.

ALEXIS.—I am anxious from purely philanthropical motives to distribute this philtre, secretly, among the inhabitants of this village. I shall, of course, require a quantity. How do you sell it?

MR. WELLS —In buying a quantity, sir, we should strongly advise your taking it in the wood, and drawing it off as you happen to want it. We have it in four and a-half and nine-gallon casks—also in pipes and hogsheads for laying down, and we deduct 10 per cent. for prompt cash.

ALINE.—Oh Alexis, surely you don't wan't to lay any down!

ALEXIS.—Aline, the villagers will assemble to carouse in a few minutes. Go and fetch the tea-pot.

ALINE.—But Alexis—

ALEXIS.—My dear, you must obey me if you please. Go and fetch the tea-pot.

ALINE.—I'm sure Dr. Daly would disapprove of it.

ALEXIS.—And how soon does it take effect?

MR. WELLS.—In half an hour. Whoever drinks of it falls in love, as a matter of course, with the first lady he meets who has also tasted it, and his affection is at once returned. One trial will prove the fact.

ALEXIS.—Good: then, Mr. Wells, I shall feel obliged if you will at once pour as much philtre into this tea-pot as will suffice to affect the whole village.

Drawing Paper, at J. H. Dufton's.

ds, C. Nasmyth.

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J. H. Dufton's.

If you have a cold try our Cough Mixture, C. E. Nasmyth & Co.

ALINE.—But, bless me, Alexis, many of the villagers are married people.

MR. WELLS.—Madam, this philtre is compounded on the strictest principles. On married people it has no effect whatever. But are you quite sure that you have nerve enough to carry you through the fearful ordeal?

ALEXIS.—In the good cause I fear nothing.

MR. WELLS.—Very good, then we will proceed at once to the Incantation.

INCANTATION.

MR. WELLS.—Sprites of earth and air,
Fiends of flame and fire,
Demon souls, come here in shoals,
This fearful deed inspire,
Appear! Appear! Appear!

CHORUS OF FIENDS. } Good master, we are here!

MR. WELLS.—Noisome hags of night;
Imps of deadly shade,
Palid ghosts, arise in hosts,
And lend me all your aid.
Appear! Appear! Appear!

CHORUS OF HAGS. } Good master, we are here.

ALEXIS.—Hark, Hark, they assemble,
These fiends of the night.

ALINE.—Oh, Alexis, I tremble.
Seek safety in flight:
Let us fly to the far-off land,
Where peace and plenty dwell:
Where the sigh of the silver strand
Is echoed in every shell.
To the joys that land will give
On the wings of love we'll fly;
In innocence there to live,
In innocence there to die.

CHORUS.—Too late! Too late!
That may not be,
That happy fate is not for thee.

MR. WELLS.—Now, shrivelled hags, with poison bags,
Discharge your loathsome loads;
Spit flame and fire, unholy choir,
Belch forth your venom toads;

ncy Inkstands at J. H. Dufton's.

Diamond Dyes, all Colors, at C. E. Nasmyth & Co's.

Ye demons fell with yelp and yell
Shed curses far a-field;
Ye fiends of night, your filthy blight
In noisome plenty yield!
Number one;

CHORUS.—It is done.

MR. WELLS.—Number two:

CHORUS.—One too few;

MR. WELLS.—Number three;

CHORUS.—Set us free, set us free, our work is done;
Ha ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

FINALE.

CHORUS.—Now to the banquet we prese,
Now for the eggs and the ham;
Now for the mustard and cress,
Now for the strawberry jam;
Now for the tea of our host,
Now for the rollicking bun,
Now for the muffin and toast,
And now for the gay Sally Lunn.
The eggs and the ham,
And the strawberry jam,
The rollicking bun,
And the gay Sally Lun,
Oh! the strawberry jam;
Oh! the rollicking bun!

SIR MARMADUKE. Be happy all, the feast is spread before ye;
Fear nothing, but enjoy yourselves I pray;
Eat, aye, and drink, be merry, I implore ye;
For once let thoughtless folly rule the day;
Eat, drink and be gay;
Banish all worry and sorrow,
Laugh gaily to-day,
Weep (if you're sorry) to-morrow.
Come, pass the cup round,
I will go bail for the liquor;
It's strong, I'll be bound,
For it was brewed by the vicar.

CHORUS.—None so cunning as he
At brewing a jorum of tea,
Ha, ha, ha, ha, a pretty stiff jorum of tea.

Smokers' Sundries at J. H. Dufton's.

E. Nasmyth & Co's.

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;
r filthy blight
d!

r work is done;
, ha, ha, ha.

ese,
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's spread before ye;
yourselves I pray;
merry, I implore ye;
folly rule the day;

row,

-morrow.
d,
or;

vicar.

ff jorum of tea.

H. Dufton's.

Give Our Own Baking Powder a trial, C. E. Nasmyth.

ALINE.—See, see, they drink,

ALEXIS.—All thought unheeding.

MR. WELLS.—The tea cups clink,
They are exceeding,
Their hearts will melt,
In half an hour—then will be felt
The potion's power.

DR. DALY.—Pain, trouble and care,
Misery, head-ache and worry,
Quick, out of your lair.
Get you all gone in a hurry.
Toil, sorrow and plot
Fly away quicker and quicker;
Three spoons to the pot,
That is the brew of your vicar.

CHORUS.—None so cunning, &c.

ALINE AND ALEXIS. Oh, love, true love,
Unworldly, abiding;
Source of all pleasure, true fountain of joy,
Oh, love, true love! divinely confiding
Exquisite treasure that knows no alloy.
Oh, love, true love, rich harvest of gladness,
Peace-bearing tillage, great garner of bliss,
Oh, love, true love, look down on our sadness
Dwell in this village, O hear us in this.

TUTTI.—Oh, marvelous illusion;
Oh terrible surprise.
What is this strange confusion
That veils my aching eyes?
I must regain my senses,
Restoring reason's law,
Or fearful inferences
The company will draw.

Eat, drink and be gay, &c., &c.

END OF ACT I.

Fancy Goods in great variety at Dufton's

Starks & Counter

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

FINE HAVANA CIGARS

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"Monarch" Cigar and Tobacco STORE;

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Market Square, Stratford.

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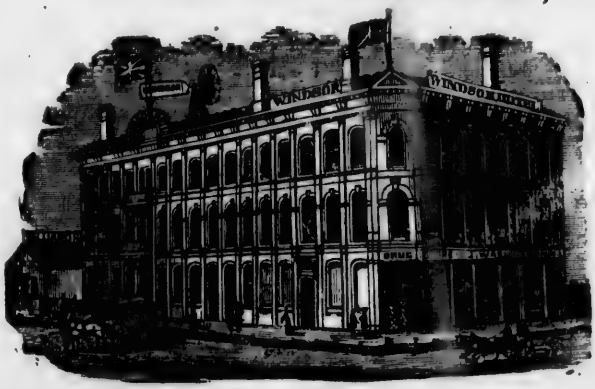

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FINE GOODS,

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BOTTOM PRICES.

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PAINTS, OILS,

WINDOW GLASS, WATER LIME,

Calcined Plaster, Bar Iron,

Steel, Horse Nails,

Builders' Hardware, Nails,

Leather Belting, Lace Leather,

BARB FENCING WIRE.

ONTARIO STREET, - - - - STRATFORD.

ACT II.

Chorus.—Happy are we in our loving frivolity,
Happy and jolly as people of quality;
Love is the source of all joy to humanity,
Money, position, and rank are a vanity;
Year after year we've been waiting and tarrying,
Without ever thinking of loving and marrying,
Tho' we've been hitherto deaf, dumb, and blind to it.
It's pleasant enough when you've made up your mind to it.
Pleasant enough, very say we.
Pleasant enough say we.

ENSEMBLE.

Constance.—Dear friends, take pity on my lot,
My cup is not of nectar.
I long have loved—as who would not?
Our kind and rev'rend Rector.
Long years ago my love began
So sweetly, yet so sadly,
But when I saw this very plain old man,
Away my old affection ran—
I found I loved him madly.
Oh, you very plain old man,
I love you madly.

Notary.—I am a very deaf old man,
And hear you very badly.

Constance.—I love him very dearly.
Oh, you're everything that I detest,
But still I love you dearly.

Notary.—I caught that line, but for the rest
I did not hear it clearly.

Chorus.—You very plain old man,
She loves you dearly.

Alexis.—Oh joy, oh joy!
The charm works well,
And all are now united.

Toys in Great Variety at Dufton's.

ALINE.—The blind young boy
Obeys the spell,
Their troth they all have plighted.

CONSTANCE.—Oh, bitter joy; no words can tell
How my poor heart is blighted!

CHORUS.—You very plain old man,
She loves you madly.

CONSTANCE.—I know not why I love him so;
It is enchantment surely.
He's dry and snuffy, deaf and slow,
Ill-tempered, weak and poorly.
He's ugly and absurdly dressed,
And sixty-seven nearly,
He's everything that I detest,
But if the truth must be confess'd,
They'll soon employ a marriage bell,
To say that we're united.
I do confess, in anxious care
My humbled spirit vexes,
And none will bless example rare
Of their beloved Alexis.

CHORUS.—Oh joy, oh joy!
No words can tell
Our state of mind delighted.
For girl and boy a marriage bell,
Will say that we're united,
True happiness reigns everywhere,
And dwells with both the sexes;
All will bless example rare
Of their beloved Alexis.

ALINE.—How joyful they all seem in their new-found happiness. The whole village has paired off in the happiest manner. And yet not a match has been made that the hollow world would not consider ill-advised.

ALEXIS.—But we are wiser—far wiser—than the world. Observe the good that will come of these ill-assorted unions. The miserly wife will check the reckless expenditure of her too frivolous consort—the wealthy husband will shower innumerable bonnets on his penniless bride, and the young and lively spouse will cheer the declining days of her aged partner with comic songs unceasing.

Diamond Dyes, all Colors, at C. E. Nasmyth & Co's.

ALINE.—What a delightful prospect for him.

ALEXIS.—But one thing remains to be done, that my happiness may be complete. We must drink the philtre ourselves that I may be assured of your love for ever and ever.

ALINE.—Oh Alexis, do you doubt me? Is it necessary that such love as ours should be secured by artificial means? Oh no, no, no.

ALEXIS.—My dear Aline, time works terrible changes, and I want to place our love beyond the chance of change.

ALINE.—It is already far beyond that chance. Have faith in me for my love can never, never change.

ALEXIS.—Then you absolutely refuse?

ALINE.—I do. If you cannot trust me, you have no right to love me—no right to be loved by me.

ALEXIS.—Enough, Aline! I shall know how to interpret this refusal.

BALLAD.

ALEXIS.—Thou hast the power thy vaunted love
To sanctify all doubt above,
Despite thy gathering shade;
To make that love of thine so sure
That, come what may, it must endure
Till time itself shall fade.
Thy love is but a flower
That fades within the hour.
If such thy love, oh shame!
Call it by other name—
It is not love.

Thine is the power, and thine alone
To place me on so proud a throne
That kings might envy me;
A priceless throne of love untold,
More rare than orient pearl and gold.
But no, thou would'st be free.
Such love is like the ray
That dies within the day;
If such thy love, oh, shame,
Call it by other name—
It is not love.

Prayer Books at J. H. Dufton's.

DR. DALY.—It is singular—it is very singular. It has overthrown all my calculations. It is distictly opposed to the doctrine of averages. I cannot understand it.

ALINE.—Dear Dr. Daly, what has puzzled you?

DR. D.—My dear, this village has not, hitherto, been addicted to marrying and giving in marriage. Hitherto the youths of this village have not been enterprising, and the maidens have been distinctly coy. Judge then, of my surprise when I tell you that the whole village came to me in a body just now, and emplored me to join them in matrimony with as little delay as possible. Even your excellent father has hinted to me that before long it is not unlikely that he, also, may change his condition.

ALINE --Oh, Alexis, do you hear that? Are you not delighted?

ALEXIS.—Yes. I confess that a union between your mother and my father would be a happy circumstance indeed. My dear sir, the news that you bring us is very gratifying.

DR. D.—Yes—still in my eyes, it has its melancholy side. This universal marrying recalls the happy days—now, alas, gone forever—when I myself might have—but tush,—I am puling. I am too old to marry—and yet within the last half hour, I have greatly yearned for companionship. I never remarked it before but the young maidens of this village are very comely. So, likewise are the middle-aged. Also the elderly. All are comely—and all are engaged.

ALINE.—Here comes your father.

ALINE AND ALEXIS.—Mrs. Partlet.

SIR M.—Dr. Daly, give me joy. Alexis, my dear boy, you will, I am sure, be pleased to hear that my declining days are not unlikely to be solaced by the companionship of this good, virtuous, and amiable woman.

ALEXIS.—My dear father, this is not altogether what I expected. I am certainly taken somewhat by surprise. Still it can hardly be necessary to assure you that any wife of yours is a mother of mine. It is not quite what I could have wished.

MRS. P.—Oh, sir, I entreat your forgiveness. I am aware that socially I am not everything that could be desired,

Fancy toilet Soaps, C. E. Nasmyth & Co's.

nor am I blessed with an abundance of worldly goods, but I can at least confer on your estimable father the great and priceless dowry of a true, tender, and loving heart.

ALEXIS.—I do not question it. After all, a faithful love is the true source of every earthly joy.

SIR M.—I knew that my boy would not blame his poor father for acting on the impulse of a heart that has never yet misled him. Zorah is not perhaps what the world calls beautiful—

DR. D.—Still, she is comely—distinctly comely.

ALINE.—Zorah is very good, and very clean and honest; and quite sober in her habits, and that is worth far more than beauty, dear Sir Marmaduke.

DR. D.—Yes; beauty will fade and perish, but personal cleanliness is practically undying, for it can be renewed whenever it discovers symptoms of decay. My dear Sir Marmaduke, I heartily congratulate you.

QUINTETTE.

ALINE, ALEXIS, MRS. PARTLET, DR. DALY, SIR MARMADUKE.

ALEXIS.—I rejoice that it's decided,
Happy now will be my life,
For my father is provided
With a kind and tender wife;

TOGETHER.—She will tend him, nurse him, mend him,
Air his linen, dry his tears;
Bless the thoughful fates that send him
Such a wife to soothe his years:

ALINE.—No young giddy, thoughtless maiden,
Full of graces, airs and jeers,
But a sober widow, laden
With the weight of fifty years.

SIR MARMADUKE No high-born, exacting beauty,
Blazing like a jewelled sun,
But a wife who'll do her duty,
As that duty should be done.

TOGETHER.—She will tend him, &c.

MRS. PARTLET. I'm no saucy minx and giddy,
Hussies such as they abound,

Japanese Brackets, &c., at Dufton's.

But a clean and tidy widdy,
Well beknown for miles around.

DR. DALY.—All the village now have mated,
And are happy as can be;
I to live alone am fated,
No one left to marry me.

TOGETHER.—No one left to marry him.
She will tend him, &c.

RECITATIVE AND DUETT.

MR. WELLS.—Oh, I have wrought much evil with my spells,
And ill I can't undo!
This is too bad of you, J. W. Wells;
What wrong have they done you?
And see, another love-lorn lady comes;
Alas! poor stricken dame!
A gentle pensiveness her life benumbs,
And mine alone the blame.

LADY SANGAZURE. Alas! ah me! and well-a-day!
I sigh for love and well I may!
For I am very old and grey.
But stay! What is this fairy form I see before me?

MR. WELLS.—Oh, horrible! she is going to adore me!
This last catastrophe is over-powering!

LADY SANGAZURE. Why do you gaze at me with visage low'ring?
For pity sake recoil not thus from me.

MR. WELLS.—My lady, leave me! This can never be!
Hate me, I drop my H's, have thro' life.

LADY S.—Love me! I'll drop them too!

MR. W.—Hate me! I always eat peas with a knife.

LADY S.—Love me! I'll eat like you!

MR. W.—Hate me! I often roll down one Tree Hill.

LADY S.—Love me! I'll meet you there!

MR. W.—Hate me! I sometimes go to Rosherville!

LADY S.—Love me! that joy I'll share!
Love me! my prejudices I'll forever drop!

MR. W.—Hate me! that's not enough!

Patent medicines, all kinds, C. Nasmyth.

LADY S.—Love me! I'll come and help you in the shop.

MR. W.—Hate me! the life is rough.

LADY S.—Love me! my grammer I will all forswear.

MR. W.—Hate me! abjure my lot.

LADY S.—Love me! I'll stick sunflowers in my hair.

MR. W.—Hate me! they'll suit you not.
At what I'm going to say be not enraged,
I may not love you, for I'm engaged!

LADY S.—Engaged! Engaged!

MR. W.—Engaged to a maiden fair,
With bright brown hair,
And a sweet and simple smile.
Who waits for me by the sounding sea,
On a South Pacific isle.
A lie! No maiden waits me there!

LADY S.—She has bright brown hair! By the sounding sea.

MR. W.—A lie. No maiden smiles on me.

LADY S.—Oh agony, rage, despair.
The maiden has bright brown hair,
And mine is as white as snow;
False man, it will be your fault,
If I go to my family vault,
And bury my life-long woe.

MR. WELLS.—Oh agony, rage, despair,
Oh where will this end? Oh where?
I should very much like to know;
It will certainly be my fault
If she goes to her family vault,
To bury her life-long woe.

MR. WELLS.—Oh, hidious doom—to scatter desolation,
And sow the seeds of sorrow far and wide;
To foster *mesalliances* through the nation,
And drive high-born old dames to suicide.
Shall I subject myself to reprobation
By leaving her in solitude to pine?
No, come what may, I'll make her reparation,
So, aged lady, take me—I am thine.

Scrap and Card Albums at Dufton's.

ALINE.—This was to have been the happiest day of my life—but I am very far from happy. Alexis insists that I shall taste the philtre—and when I try to persuade him that to do so would be an insult to my pure and lasting love, he tells me that I object because I do not desire that my love for him shall be eternal. Well, I can at least prove to him that, in that, he is unjust.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.

ALINE.—Alexis! doubt me not, my loved one! see
Thine uttered will is sovereign law to me!
All fear, all thought of ill I cast away!
It is my darling's will, and I obey.

The fearful deed is done,
My love is near! I go to meet my own
In trembling fear!
If o'er us aught of ill
Should cast a shade,
It was my darling's will
And I obey'd.

SONG.

DR. DALY.—Oh, my voice is sad and low,
And with timid step I go—
For with load of love o'er laden
I enquire of ev'ry maiden,
"Will you wed me, little lady,"
"Will you share my cottage shady!"
Little lady answers "No! no! no!
"Thank you for your kindly proffer"—
Good your heart and full your coffer;"
"Yet I must decline your offer"—
"I'm engaged to so and so."
What a rogue young hearts to pillage!
What a worker on Love's tillage!
Every maiden in the village
Is engaged to so and so.
All engaged to so and so.

ENSEMBLE.

ALINE AND DR. DALY. Oh joyous boon! oh mad delight!
Oh sun and moon! oh day and night!
Rejoice with me!
Proclaim our joy! ye birds above—
Ye brooklets murmer forth our love,
In choral ecstacy.

Diamond Dyes, all Colors, at C. E. Nasmyth & Co's.

ALEXIS.—Aline, my only love, my happiness!
The philtre—you have tasted it?

ALINE.—Yes! Yes!

ALEXIS.—Oh joy; mine, mine for ever and for ever!

ALINE.—Alexis, don't do that—you must not!

ALEXIS.—Why?

ALINE.—Alas, that lovers thus should meet;
Oh pity, pity me!
Oh, charge me not with cold deceit;
Oh, pity, pity me.
You bade me drink—with trembling awe
I drank, and by the potion's law,
I lov'd the very first I saw!
Oh pity, pity me!

DR. DALY.—My dear young friend, consoled be!
We pity, pity you,
In this I'm not an agent free,
We pity, pity you.
Some most extraordinary spell,
O'er us has cast its magic fell,
The consequence I need not tell,
We pity, pity you.

ALEXIS.- False one, begone! I spurn thee!
To thy new lover turn thee!
Thy perfidy all men shall know,
Come one, come all; obey my call!
Come, hither run! come every one, come!

ALINE AND DR. DALY. } We could not help it! alas!

CHORUS.—Oh, what is the matter, and what is the clatter?
He's glowering at her, and threatens a a blow?
Oh, why does he batter the girl he did flatter?
And why does the latter recoil from him so?

RECITATIVE.

ALEXIS.—Prepare for sad surprises.
My love Aline despises.
No thought of sorrow shames her;
Another lover claims her;
Be his, false girl, for better or for worse,
But ere you leave me may a lover's curse—

Writing Folios at J. H. Dufton's.

DR. D.—Hold. Be just. This poor child drank the philtre at your instance. She hurried off to meet you—but, most unhappily, she met me instead. As you had administered the potion to both of us, the result was inevitable. But fear nothing from me—I will be no man's rival. I shall quit the country at once—and bury my sorrows in the congenial gloom of a Colonial Bishopric.

ALEXIS.—My excellent old friend. Oh, Mr. Wells, what, what is to be done?

MR. W.—I do not know—and yet—there is one means by which this spell may be removed.

ALEXIS.—Name it—oh name it!

MR. W.—Or you or I must yield up his life to Ahrimanes. I would rather it were you. I should have no hesitation in sacrificing my life to spare yours, but we take stock next week, and it would not be fair on the Co.

ALEXIS.—True. Well, I am ready!

ALINE.—No, no—Alexis—it must not be. Mr. Wells, if he must die that all may be restored to their old loves, what is to become of me? I should be left out in the cold, with no love to be restored to.

MR. W.—True—I did not think of that. My friends, I appeal to you, and I will leave the decision in your hands.

FINALE.

MR. WELLS.—Or he or I must die,
Which shall it be? Reply!

SIR MARMADUKE.—Die thou! Thou art the cause of all offending.

VICAR.—Die thou! Yield thee to this decree unbending.

CHORUS.—Die thou! die thou! die thou!

MR. WELLS.—So be it, I submit; my fate is sealed;
To popular opinion thus I yield.
Be happy, all, leave me to my despair;
I go, it matters not with whom or where.

CHORUS.—Oh, my adored one!
Unmingled joy!
Ecstatic rapture!
Unmingled joy!

For anything usually kept in a First-Class Drug Store go to C. E. Nasmyth & Co., Market Spuare.

SIR MARMADUKE.—Come to my mansion, all of you,
At least we'll crown our rapture with another feast.

QUARTETT.

Now to the banquet we press,
Now for the eggs and the ham;
Now for the mustard and cress,
Now for the strawberry jam;
No for the tea of our host,
Now for the rollicking bun,
Now for the muffin nnd toast;
And now for the gay Sally Lunn.

CHORUS.—The eggs and the ham,
And the strawberry jam,
The rollicking bun,
And the gay Sally Lunn.

CURTAIN.

Stationery of all kinds at Dufton's.

HEADQUARTERS!

—o—

—GO TO—

J. RANKIN'S

—FOR—

PURE CONFECTIONERY,

PLAIN & FANCY BREAD,

VIENNA ROLLS,

Cakes of every Description,

OYSTERS,

—AND—

All Kinds of Fruit in Season.

—o—

MAPLE SUGAR & SYRUP.

—o—

WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY.

—o—

Bread delivered to all parts of the Town.

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Liquor Dealers

—AND—

GENERAL GROCERS,

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